

Pinch POINT

Volume 1



WELCOME TO ADELAIDE

Adelaide's artistic scene has always deviated from conventions. While many feel that it's too small to become a major creative hub, the passion of its artists cannot be ignored. Because, within Adelaide, art isn't simply consumed — it's made, borrowed, replicated and reshaped everyday, whether it be in someone's backyard, an underground venue, or a bustling pub.

To the outside world, Adelaide can appear as too quiet or safe to incite artistic rebellion. But that is only the surface of this city. Because hidden in the side streets of its calm facade is a growing pulse of artistry that is waiting to be found. And this isn't just from the music. Adelaide is filled with visual artists who hide their messages on laneway walls, or writers scribbling their poems and stories in bars and pubs, with every single creative mind running headfirst towards their dreams.

The luxury of the world's larger

artistic scenes often feels unreachable in Adelaide. While Melbourne and Sydney appear to exist within a bubble of their own niche, Adelaide instead thrives on its community, where friends become photographers and album art designers, filling crowds alongside family members as they cheer musicians on. And its result is electric, allowing the lines between art, music and performance to naturally blur into one shared experience.

It's the self-driven ethics that have grown this city, leaving every artist to be driven by their love of the art, not of the fame. While so much is hidden within its streets, Adelaide isn't longing to be found by the larger world. Because every artist here works through their consistency and resilience as they book their own gigs; design their album art and merch; walk the streets, plastering their posters and art; organise their own exhibitions; and publish their personal poetry.

This ethos is generational, having existed since the '70s and '80s. Adelaide's largest bands who began their music in local pubs carried this same belief, just as the pop or hip-hop artists did in the 2000s. Because, even while knowing the struggles of creative pursuit, they worked to build their own movement.

While our world chases a fast-paced economy, Adelaide continues to hold onto its love for creativity. Today, bands continue to master their records and find their own venues, while writers self-publish stories and poems, and artists form their personal exhibitions. And the beauty of this small city, is that each artist has the liberty to do so. While often criticised, Adelaide is a place that encourages passion and self-direction, thriving on an artist's ability to create a name for themselves. It's a powerful gift, not

only for the city's creative minds, but for those that get to consume these mediums.

So, despite the constant democratisation of society, Adelaide's artists continue to find a new home for their work. Their creativity has never waited for permission. It's a growing landscape of unforeseeable art that lives as a community, working side-by-side to bend, break and reform what is perceived into new and obscure worlds.

So, if you have a creative desire nagging within you, this is your sign to let it free. A story, a song, a painting, a poem — let the world see it. And *Pinch Point* will be right by your side, ready to celebrate you. Because, in a city like Adelaide, creativity isn't for profit, but for change. And if you're here, you're already making it.



GET LOUD



edition one
meg

As the face of this magazine and currently, the sole writer, I feel it is only necessary that I introduce myself! I am MEG — a writer and artist from Adelaide. Like many young creative minds, I've been bombarded with criticism for my passions, feeling constantly overwhelmed by an expectation to study and enter the robotic industries of the 21st century. But in this past year, I've decided to reject the voices of everyone around me. While I continue to study at university, I now hope to build my name within the artistic world, using writing and art to drive my life.

My passion for writing began very early in my life, receiving my first (semi)-published story at 9-years old titled "The Secret of the Windmill" — a peculiar story that I both wrote and illustrated, but definitely won't hold to my namesake. But from there, this has only grown, as I continue to work on my own stories, prose and poetry and attempt to find readers engaged with my mind. And, in my years of trying, I've realised how difficult it is to get

someone to accept your work. So, over the past months, I founded *Pinch Point* — a magazine for young artists who are searching for a way to share their work with the broader world. As the head writer, I am not only incredibly passionate about the work I produce, but the opportunities I will have to meet with and interview every incredible artist in our city.

Within my personal artistic world, I've become drawn to styles that extend my written ideas into something more viscerally enjoyed by a broader audience. Despite studying classical



piano from the age of 5, I reached my teenage years and became a convert to the psych-rock scene — potentially a result of my adolescent angst, or the constant influence of my brother and father's music taste. But either way, it seems to have stuck! However, I never saw piano taking me to the stage, because performance always felt too exposing for the person I am. Instead, I've found myself feeling more comfortable behind the scenes, creating something for people to consume alone, rather than together. And so, I became drawn to the world of visual art.

With my father being a children's book illustrator, it was impossible for me to avoid art. But growing up as an extremely impatient perfectionist, I hated drawing. Instead, I found my visual creativity through sewing. Beginning with miniature mice in suits that I would gift to family and friends, this passion has now evolved into my embroidery. And as I work to make this into a collection to pair with my writing, I have also been greatly honoured to design the cover art for

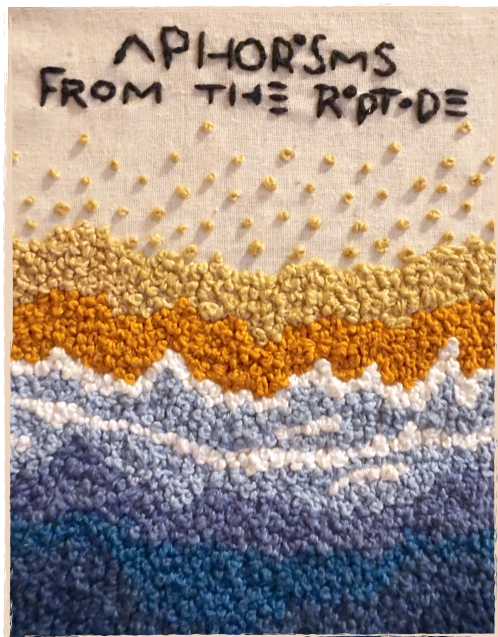


local band Day For Caroline (DFC), in their recent double single release, and soon to bless the world, the cover for drummer of DFC, Jack Barton's solo jazz project. In creating this, I've realised my passion for a unique form of art that, while feeling a touch 16th century, naturally expresses the labour of love that goes into each piece. And as I transition this work from sheets of calico, to albums and books, or shoes, jackets and dresses, I can't help but feel that this is something that will become a facet of my future.

For any future artists who may be in this spotlight for editions to come, I must make something clear now. There is a special member to the *Pinch Point*

crew, who will be our head “interviewer” for our spotlight artists. Tabasco is just over 1 year old, and like his family, is an avid consumer of all art. He will have the honour of assisting with interviews as the face of this segment, as he has already done in our portrait together. So artists, get ready for your modelling direction from the most stylish guinea pig around!

As I work to develop my own artistic style, creating new pieces that express identity or align with snippets of prose, hoping one day they will be accepted for publication, I also want to celebrate the community I’ve grown within. The surrounding creative minds that inspire me to continue striving towards the creative future I long for. And hopefully, with some support from our community — the readers of *Pinch Point* and the consumers of our city’s art — I can help you reach that goal too.



A Letter to Fame

By MEG

Dedicate your life
To something you shall never reach.
Tell the prey
It will not be the next feast.

Give a smile,
A raucous celebration;
Shed a tear,
Ensue worldwide conversation;
Wear the clothes,
Define a generation.
Be the vessel
For society demolished.
Repurposed and reconstructed —
Forgotten and rediscovered.

Speak the words
United for a cause.
If only they knew
the voice wasn't yours.
Wasn't human —
Didn't feel.
If only they knew
the words weren't truly heard.
It was the body they viewed.
Fame's body,
No longer theirs to control.

Because their body was now dedicated
To fame's role.
A magical story
Where the hopeless find glory.

Those like you.
Like me.
Like us.
Until eventually,
We too
Dedicate our lives
To become another aspiration;
Another vessel;
Another one the world
Watches with admiration.

I do.
I dedicate this tear;
I dedicate this smile;
I dedicate this heart;
I dedicate this body;
I dedicate this mind;
To you,
Fame.
I want you to keep it.
Give away my name
Become what others want to see.
A gift.
An honour.
A rupture of identity.

So,

Fame,

I dedicate my life —

My heart and my soul,

My body and my mind.

I dedicate myself,

whole,

To you.

Contact
Now!!



Adelaide

GIG MAP





@pinchpointmag